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Two Millions To Manchuria

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George W. Gorman

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FOREWORD:

Two million immigrants in one year!

That was the arresting statement, reiterated throughout the Chinese Press, about the movement of settlers to Manchuria in 1928, that drew me to follow their trail into the Asiatic Promised Land. Indications from Dairen and Harbin support the belief that this number of Chinese people will make their homes in the Three Eastern Provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilunkiang this year. The movement must stand out as the greatest human migration in history. At the height of the American mmigration the figure of two millions never was approximated.

I was privileged to follow the movement from Tsingtao, the principal port of Shantung Province whence most of the migrants originate, to Dairen at the southern tip of Liaotung peninsula and up to Harbin, that bit of Russia in China where the final distribution of settlers takes place. It would take a master writer to do justice to this story, to adequately picture the hardships suffered by a destitute people leaving a fairly warm province of China and tackling the stupendous task of carving out homes in a country remindful of the Canadian North West. I have simply touched the fringe of the question, describing in a cold, newspaper way the facts as they were presented to me.

No report of a downtrodden people taking that long trail to a New Canaan would be complete without a tribute to the wonderful endurance of these Shantung coolies. They stand forth as one of the world's most cheerful people. Confronted by starvation, knowing not the life they are going to, nor what tomorrow will bring forth; seeing their children sicken and die, they keep stolidly on and still are able to grin forth that optimistic signal of the Shantung peasant—"Mei yu fa tze", it can't be helped.

In the picture, also, are included a description of Dairen, Mukden and Harbin and some high lights of life in Harbin where reckless gayety goes hand in hand with awful privation.—G.W.G.

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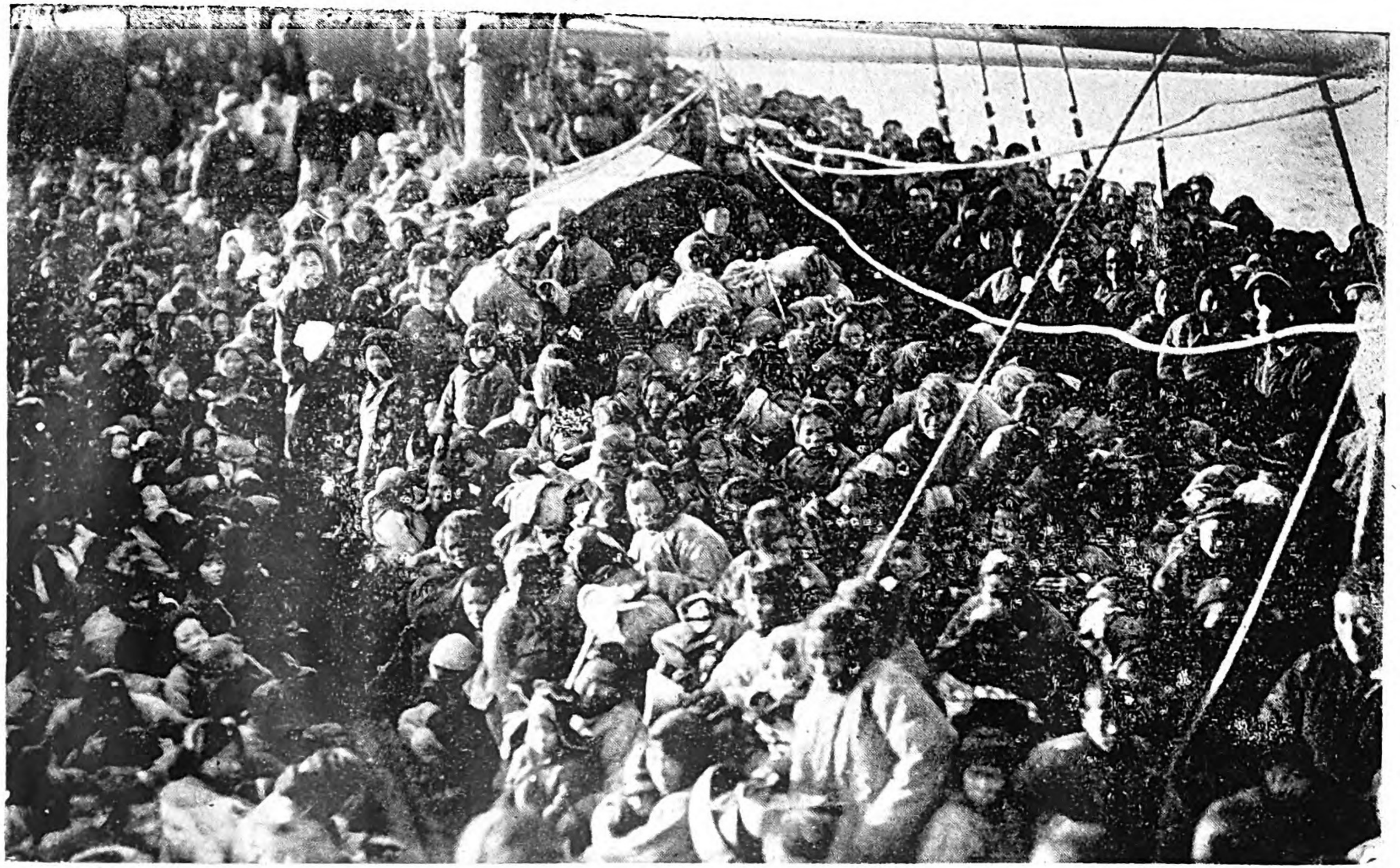

A typical boatload of Shantung immigrants to Manchuria. and this picture merely presents the deck view. Imagine the task of getting these people into lifeboats capable of accommodating about 150!

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Chapter I

MIGRATION UNPARALELLED

On Board S.S. Chohei Maru, Easter Sunday:—None of the Two Million is on this packet. The fare from Tangku, which has replaced silt bound Tientsin as the port of North China, is about $30 Mex, enough to carry a family of fifteen persons from Tsingtao, port of escape for the suffering Shantungese, to Dairen. Moreover, $30 Mex. is very much more than the Chinese emigrant carries away with him. By the time the average coolie sells up his worldly goods prior to taking the road to the Manchurian Canaan he has, I am informed by welfare workers at Tsingtao, seven dollars Mex. Time being no object he usually walks to Tsingtao, even though it means trekking across a patch of country bigger than England. Just like hiking across one of the American States. Once at Tsingtao he waits for a ship to carry him to Dairen, and he is lucky if the wait is less than a month. For $2 he can book passage to Dairen, the steamship companies furnishing free water and a place to sit.

If these immigrants were subjected to the same regulations as govern settlers entering Canada and the United States there wouldn't be much of a rush up north; doubtless none at all. In Manchuria, for instance, there is no color line. Here is their own Asia. Here is about the only place in which a Chinese is welcomed as a worker and a permanent resident. Nobody asks "How much money have you?", and certainly no regulation exists requiring the pioneer to produce $200 gold before he may

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step across the threshold, through Dairen or via Mukden, the railway entrepot.

This vast movement of people may aptly be called the Migration of the Destitute. They are broke in Shantung, broken by flood and famine, by war and taxation and squeeze and disease, by banditry and overpopulation. When these two million men, women and children arrive in the new country—which, by the way, was the first to forbid the entry of Chinese, just because he was Chinese, as the old Manchu regulations will show—he carries nothing but a dollar or so, a bed on his back and a heart full of thankfulness and hope. The thanksgiving is for escape from the country of his parentage, now listed as about the world's worst Bad Lands. One would understand if besides thanks, these escaping peoples of Shantung and of Chihli province too, uttered curses loud and deep at the blighted leadership of their own country which thus brings such utter misery upon a nation which once regarded itself as holding dominion over the earth, that its millions must go forth into strange places to live the life of animals until a new homeland is established.

The reason for the exodus from Shantung and Chihli needs little stressing. Life is so cheap and property rights so lightly regarded in China to-day, owing to civil war and wholesale looting by those who are forcing their predatory authority over everybody and everything, that escape to somewhere is paramount in most people's thoughts. For the northern Chinese, Manchuria is the only refuge, first because of the peace and protection afforded

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by Japanese influence, second because of its comparative nearness and the absence of "Chinese Not Wanted" signs, and also because there are vast areas of arable land awaiting the settler and, indeed, welcoming him and his family.

Into this country the Two Million Destitute are steaming and riding and walking. Some take the Tsingtao-Dairen route. Others ride open trucks through Tientsin to Mukden for distribution. Still others put their bed rolls on their backs, secrete their small hoards of money somewhere about their persons, or send it on ahead by the safe Postal route and walk that incredible distance from Shantung to Mukden and even Harbin.

But the Manchurian Migration is not allowed to proceed unattended and unshepherded. Imagine the chaos if the two millions of this year, a million of last and several hundred thousand of the year before were dumped into Manchuria, poverty stricken, without guidance! Inasmuch as Japan is an orderly nation it takes a hand, through the South Manchuria Railway, its national transportation project, in first of all encouraging the immigration into the country and then placing it in the most advantageous places. This system of management will be explained when we get to see it working, and to view the Chinese going through the assimilating mill from Dairen to the farthermost point of settlement.

As we approach Dairen, ship's officers point out steamers converging on this peninsular port which Japan won twice and now retains "on lease." These are typical immigrant ships, loaded to the

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gunwales with human freight, carried at $2 a head. Every available inch of space is taken up on these busy ships plying back and forth as the spring rush begins, and how the captains find time to fumigate them after each voyage passeth the understanding.

This is the season of the beginning of the intensest swarming, they tell me, for if the newcomers are to be settled before the Manchuria winter settles down they must begin early and work until late.

Pioneers who settled the plains and prairies of Western Canada and Western United States in the past three decades doubtless endured hardship of body and spirit. But compared with what these Chinese peasants are tackling it was child's play. These folk must look forward to years of semi-starvation, according to European standards, before comfort will be their lot, and their idea of comfort perhaps will be about the equivalent of the log cabined existence on a western quarter section before the coming of railway and roads and stores and means of marketing produce and selling goods in exchange. On beans and millet porridge, with a little salt, the Asian migrants will live and work incredibly hard, crushingly hard, and will like the freedom and peace and opportunity for themselves and their children. And out of these millions many thousands will emerge as wealthy men even in this generation, many, indeed, in this decade. For let it be remembered that the Chinese know the meaning of frugality before Aberdeen attained its eminent position, and as business men I have heard it said they are far and away ahead of the "Chosen People."

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Here's Dairen, a modern port sitting in a strategic position straddling the trade of the north, a handsome engineering operation fashioned to meet tremendous stresses of service as the north country opens up more and more and the millions of immigrants get through the "Open Door" maintained for all races, all capital, all creeds and color.

Let us follow the trail of the immigrant into the Oriental Promised Land of 1928.

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Chapter II

CHINA'S MODEL PORT

DAIREN,—A matter of seconds after arrival in Dairen you know the dominant reason for the surging migration from China Proper to Manchuria. Those who have lived in China particularly are arrested by this condition. Dairen is the City of Something Doing. It is pulsing and alive, vibrant with busy things, as aggressively alert and forward-stepping as any "live" Western American or Canadian city.

China is the country of decay. If I owned a business in any part of China outside of foreign influence and protection, I would take it out to the deepest part of the Yungtingho, and tie two millstones around its neck and drop the pallid thing overboard and watch the bubbles rise with marked joy. Then I would turn my back on wherever it was the business had passed away, and I would do exactly as these Shantung coolies are doing. If necessary I would walk, and do it with a light heart. For I would be going into a neater, cleaner land where I would be free of the malodorous influences of the Chinese misgoverning and tax-crazed classes. Into Dairen I would walk or swim, and set up business in a place where a new northwest offers fat returns to labor and investment.

From the stench and poverty and hopelessness of China into the cleanliness and orderliness of Dairen would be as stepping from a midden into a hospital operating room, which should be as clean a place as you can find and one perfected in order.

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It isn't good to run down the place in which you live and work, but naked truth is there for the finding, and the truth of the matter is that most of China should be decently interred.

Dairen is the key port of Manchuria. Back of it are thirty millions of population, upon whose production the business here is founded. Vitalized by this great opportunity the port of Dairen has called to the science and experience of to-day to furnish the finest equipment available, and they have been harnessed with industry in creating a magnificent place for life and work.

In casting about for comparisons one thinks of Seattle, Vancouver, Montreal, Bristol, but Dairen is different from any of these and yet has some of their characteristics. Dairen was built to order, you know. When the Japanese came twenty years ago they found a fishing village and a plan. The Russians had conceived a grand scheme for the making of a port which would command the admiration of the world. But it was mostly on paper and had been there for a considerable period. Town and port planning de luxe was all down in black and white. The Japanese looked over the plan. They liked it. They adopted it. They have completed it and Dairen is the result. Imagine a city with a centre, a commanding circle of noble proportions from which radiate wide avenues, tree lined and asphalted. Around this circle are some of the most beautiful buildings in the Orient, massive blocks forming a fitting framework for the parklike hub. Here we have the civic centre, the City Hall, the S. M. R. Hospital, the Yamato Hotel and the like.

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Follow one of the broad highways down to the waterfront. See the magnificent facilities for shipping, the cement piers, the encircling breakwaters, towering warehouses, travelling cranes as numerous as light standards. The principal pier, one largely used by passengers, has an approach which may claim to be the most strikingly picturesque in the world. I have been in many ports and never saw the like of this noble, columned archway with its imposing flight of steps. Everything about you is on a big scale. An armada could be housed comfortably, and if a few score more ships wanted accommodation there is lots of room to expand, as the Japanese Kwantung Government or the Japanese South Manchuria Railway requires it.

Nothing gives a more illuminating explanation of the difference between China governed by herself or directed by a superior intelligence, quite as well as this waterfront. Down in a corner is an immense marine enclosure, and there lie the Chinese junks, hundreds of them, of a style centuries old, changeless. Little wooden contraptions with slatted sails, whereon men, women and children spend their lives, ambitionless. Alongside are the fine Japanese and foreign steamships, thirty or forty of them in to-day.

Fifty years ago Japan had junks like these. Nothing more. In those five decades she has built herself a mercantile marine and a navy to protect it, officered by her own people, with equipment made in Japan. China has had the same opportunity and except for the ports improved by foreigners there isn't a sign of modernity anywhere.

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because of the modern competition, slow ruin, and Instead there is backwardness in all places, and, sometimes not so slow.

There are 231,000 people in Dairen, 80,000 of them Japanese, 150,000 Chinese and but 1,000 foreigners. The well worn western slogan "Watch it grow" was made for this place as the hordes continue to come and create.

As you wander through the streets you get other evidences of the differences between Chinese and Japanese administration. Into one of the parks take a peep and note the Japanese children at play, all of them dressed as well as good class Europeans or Americans. Boys in school uniforms of blue and brass with vizored caps, like little midshipmen. Girls nearly all in modern dress, white blouses and blue skirts, black shoes and stockings mostly. Cheery, laughing little people whose love for the daily bath is clearly evident. Chinese children at play I have never seen, at least not large numbers of them. Life is an earnest thing for them. Thinking about eating takes the play out of their system. Few have the bath habit.

As you stroll along the streets of shops and department stores instinctively you think about trying to do the same thing in a Chinese city. In the first place, the barking of rickshaw coolies would make such a feat thoroughly hopeless, and the sight of so much misery and filth and everything that is nasty would quickly drive you back indoors.

Dairen's position as principal doorway into Manchuria has something in common with Port Arthur's old domination as a fortress. But Dairen

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is the haven of peace while Port Arthur has lost much of its significance. Russia secured control of the Liaotung Peninsula from China and after the Russo-Japanese war Nippon replaced her as tenant of the parcel of land that sticks down into the Yellow Sea somewhat remindful of the formation of Cornwall and Devon or the Italian boot. Near the tip, protected and secured by great headlands, is the port of Dairen, and around the corner is Port Arthur, the latter splendid as a military and naval Gibraltar, but too much confined to permit of extensive commercial development. The Russians themselves made a distinction between the two places, and established Dalny, now Dairen, as the base of its transcontinental railway system, the ice-free port for which Imperial Russia had dreamed ever so many years. Had Russia retained the Liaotung Peninsula Japan would have been indefinitely relegated to the infant category in the family of nations, for with this naval base available and a railway affording an outlet for troops, the Muscovite would have held the knout over the island people. The war changed it all and Russia was hurled back to her own borders and Japan thereby secured the control of Liaotung and the naval policemanship over the North Pacific. At the same time the narrow gauge railway, now known as the South Manchuria Railway marvelously improved, passed into her protection as a holdership for the Chinese.

Now the South Manchuria Railway has Dairen for its base and reaches up into the Three Eastern Provinces, as Manchuria is called by the Chinese,

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practically bisecting the country north and south, and joining up with the Chinese Eastern Railway, thus becoming part of the huge transcontinental system known as the Trans-Siberian Railway.

It is up this railway to the farm lands of North and South Manchuria that the immigrants are coming in their greatest numbers, the other leading avenue being the Peking-Mukden Railway which connects Mukden with China to the south. But the Dairen route is most popular, because of the difference in cost and the convenience of travel.

The fare from Tsingtao or Chefoo to Dairen by steamer is $1.50 to $2.00 Mex., or half that figure in American gold dollars. From Dairen they are carried to Changchun, farthest north point of the South Manchuria Railway for Yen 6, or $3 U.S. As Dairen is 438 miles from Changchun the transportation cost works out at a cent and a quarter a mile, Mexican money, a lower rate than the extraordinarily cheap passage for harvesters in Canada of $10 from Montreal to the western prairies.

With all this northern and western territory to serve, comprising about 33,000 square miles, and the important transcontinental connections also, it is natural that the Japanese should have taken considerable pride in establishing a magnificent terminus, and everything has been done in the grand manner as if it was anticipated that Shanghai soon would be ousted from its leadship of Chinese ports. Already Dairen has taken second place, ahead of Tientsin and there is equipment enough here to handle immense volumes of increased trade by rail and water,

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Dairen has another point of resemblance to an American City. It has two organizations which can furnish information about itself, after the fashion of the publicity commissioners and board of trade secretaries across the water. Henry W. Kinney, an American, is publicity man for the South Manchuria Railway and the Japan Tourist Bureau, which represents the Japanese Imperial Railway and allied services. In the absence of Mr. Kinney his Japanese assistant, Mr. Morise, ticked off the "facts and figures" with the speed and ease of one who knows his Dairen.

Mr. Morise "pointed with pride" to the harbor's berthing facilities for 29 vessels of 220,000 tons in the aggregate, besides the Junk wharf where 250 small ships may find accommodation. The water depth of 9.09 metres permits the entry of ships up to 30,000 tons within the compass of the breakwater system. Every modern appliance found in the modern ports exists here. There is water supply by hydrants and water boats, and how good it is to know you can drink it straight from the tap without the boiling process so necessary in a Chinese City! They can coal up to 900 tons an hour, and everywhere are to be found mechanical appliances replacing even the cheap Chinese labor. How the place is growing through the development of Manchurian hinterland may be seen from the fact that in 1907 the tonnage loaded and discharged from ships was only 919,000 against the 8,000,000 tons of last year. Then, if anything goes wrong with the ships there is a drydock to receive vessels up to 6,000 gross tons. Odds and ends such as splendid

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lighthouses, aids to navigation of all kinds may be taken for granted, while the railway assembling yards look like those at Minneapolis or Manchester.

So, into this ultra-modern maritime city is discharging the ragged horde from the south and never was there a stranger or more wholesome setting for such a collection of ragamuffins. Here may be seen the migration push in the rough and the raw and the sight of it against this rich background, would make most people give the Chinese credit for good sense on one point in knowing the place to leave and the place to come to.

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Chapter III

SLAVE SHIP CONDITIONS

DAIREN,—In the bulk it costs $20 a ton move a Shantung coolie from his native port of Tsingtao to Dairen, on the way from a blighted land to the latest "last west." We saw an assorted cargo of coolie and general merchandise arrive in Dairen from Shantung to-day, and the captain of the steamship estimated that 127 tons would about cover his human cargo of 1,700 men, women and children. He said 150 pounds to the individual would be a fair average and as the ticket is $1.50 from Tsingtao to Dairen at to-day's quotation the tonnage charge will be understood.

The Chinese captain of the steamship, a Cantonese, said he much preferred handling coolie to coconuts, for example. The reason was that coolie got itself aboard the ship without handling cost, and coconuts didn't. And as for cattle! It commanded a much higher tonnage rate than coolie on ocean bottoms. Beeves must be delicately used, the captain said. Often, when the ship is in stream, the beasts have to be slung aboard in special apparatus. Once aboard the lugger the cow, calf or bull requires a considerable amount of space and each is usually fenced from its neighbor.

Not so coolie, as we saw him arrive in Dairen to-day. The crew said when they were loading the steamer at Tsingtao a compradore shouted "hoo" and the whole 1,700 was on board in fifteen minutes. That is why the transportation companies are able

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to quote such low rates as $1.50 a head for a 28 hour voyage. When the bales and boxes of other cargo are inboard the mate fills the interstices with human beings and they pack nicely.

To be precise there were 1,673 Chinese on this "maru" when she passed quarantine. There were 376 women and 95 children. One child was born on the voyage. Its playmates ran to an average age of four years. I saw two other women who soon would be mothers, probably in one of the trucks on the way to the northwest if lucky, or maybe alongside the railway track if they, as many of their sisters, have to walk.

Coolie cargo is a clean business in one way and offensively otherwise if one considers personal habits. It loads itself and requires no attention beyond provision of a water supply. Ten minutes after the vessels docked to-day the 1,700 were off and on their way to the railway station. Not a cent of money nor a shrug of effort in the handling. But while the steamship owners may appreciate the coolie movement to Dairen. Antung and Yingkow, the sailors are not overly enthusiastic, especially the Japanese sailors who have very strong ideas about personal cleanliness. I watched the Nippon tars going about their tasks wearing gas masks, after the fashion of the first respirators issued to the soldiers on the Ypres front when the opening poison cloud was loosed in 1915. A plain cloth respirator, impregnated with some disinfectant, keeps back the bulk of the germs which arise from the offal-covered ship. Hose, scrapers, brooms and all sorts of hygienic impedimenta are brought forth to remove

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the outer evidences of the recent army of occupation.

The condition of the ship may be understood after a glance along the decks and down below as the boat comes alongside the wharf. I was immediately struck with the similarity between the slave ships of a former day, and these coolie steamers. The sardine has much more comfortable quarters, for at least he may stretch out at full length and the neighboring sardines are neither noisy nor noisome. Without distinction of age nor sex the immigrants were jammed into the holds with just about room for each to squat. Those on deck were lucky in this fine weather. For the breath below was distinctly cloudy. I saw one lavatory. To reach it a passenger would have to climb over his fellows, and there would be much grumbling and disturbance of the ship's community. Hence the bulk of the immigrants did not go to that place. They stood where they were and didn't seem to mind their own condition nor how the others acted. They smiled. This is one great virtue of the incredibly enduring race. In that ship they could smile, and when starting or finishing the six hundred mile walk to the pioneering grounds they could smile. There must be some greatness to a people who can grin when down and nearly out.

The immigrant ship with 1,700 Shantung souls had lifeboat accommodation for about a hundred. In the event of accident one would have to turn to Lord Jim for a descriptive parallel. But nobody could blame the shipping contractors. Provision of life-saving apparatus sufficient for this mass of

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humanity would too expensive a proposition, requiring substantial additions to the fares, which would mean a severe reduction in the number coming this way. It would be considered an act of doubtful kindness to enforce lifeboat regulations, and even were such accommodation available the job of getting these people into small boats would be beyond the capacity of any crew. So the only thing left to do is provide sound ships and capable men to manage them, and those I saw in harbor were quite superior, both Japanese and Chinese. Care and effieciency must take the place of accident insurance methods.

On board this latest arrival was a committee of three conducting the party to this point. They handed over the 1,700 to another branch here of the Shantung "Same Village" society, a benevolent and charitable association of Shantung people organized for the express purpose of providing some little measure of welfare among almost helpless folk.

The receiving committee counted noses, said "hao" and proceeded to conduct their charges to the railway station. They acted as go betweens for the innkeepers who furnish bed and board as low as 15 cents Mex. a day. A space to sleep, under a roof but without bedding and often without flooring is 5 cents. At the station a big building, reminiful of a carbarn, houses a couple of thousand at a time, without charge. There is a clay flooring and lots of fresh air, even during the bitter days of this winter, for these people have been moving into Dairen without cessation in the coldest months, an exceptional condition this year.

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As the settlers left the ship, they were sorted and shuffled, and on the way to the station it was women and children last. Here is the survival of the strongest at work plain to see. I have a memory picture now of one typical family, two women, two children. The men toted the family possessions on their backs and trudged on ahead. The women and children came on behind. The littlest child was in the rear. Women, of course, had bound and crippled feet, and to see the miserable creatures hobbling on their heels looked like a judgment upon the men who invented this scheme to prevent the womenfolk running away, or whatever.

Later on I asked an authority how these children would fare in the north.

"The majority will die," he said. "Even the Shantung baby cannot endure the rigors of that primitive life in a land created for the strongest of men. But the survivors will create a new race and the development of Manchuria go on."

I could not help hoping that these smiling little dirt-bound parcels would die very soon, escaping from a world which deals out its suffering pretty harshly upon the smallest up here. I wondered about the case of a middle aged man who was taking a naked child on this ghastly trek. He had it tucked inside his cassock, next his own skin. There was no woman. Perhaps she had fallen by the wayside, leaving her man and her offspring to go it alone.

From the quayside to railway station at any hour of day or night may be seen the blue-clad many or few according to the nearness of a boat's arrival. It strikes an incongruous note, this destitute

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army against the background of fine buildings and spacious thoroughfares. When these people believe it time to eat or sleep they do so regardless of location, and to see a family group squatting outside some impressive building is quite common. Exhausted mothers dozing with their backs to the store fronts, half naked, quite unsanitary sucklings slumbering in their laps are not disturbed by the Japanese police. Pity and even practical help are not lacking at the front door of Manchuria.

The speed with which the incoming army is handled is surprising. From the charitable societies who handle the tickets for these travellers, and through the steamship companies the South Man churia railway is informed of the accommodation required, and rarely do the Shantung settlers have to wait more than a day for their trains. The principal numbers go right to the end of the S.M.R. system at Changchun where connection is made with the Chinese Eastern railway for transfer to other cars bound to the fields of North Manchuria.

The particular boatload which I saw arrive was off the ship at 7.30 in the morning and by three o'clock in the afternoon those able to buy their tickets were on the way, while the walkers had already started their journey. Meanwhile most had settled themselves contentedly in the big barn or the barbed-wire enclosure adjoining it, like an immense chicken coop. When the station master finally gave the word to move, the masked policemen on duty opened the gates, a shrill clamor announced hurried preparations in the way of gathering the few belongings and the children, and the contingent streamed across to the waiting cars.

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No seats are available in the big steel cars. The floor is good enough. Used for hauling beans or grain from the north, the same cars need no preparing for the return duty as passengers' carriers. It took some seven minutes to transfer the company from compound to train. A usual the biggest men went first. They dashed to the covered trucks, threw in their bundles and clambered in, getting the best places near the doors. When the women and children came along they were helped in, or shoved in by their own people. The guard's whistle blew. The latest batch of settlers were on the way.

There was something reminiscent of the "40 men, 8 horses" of wartime experience about the departure. In this instance, however, there was a little more room and in most cases the immigrants had a chance to lie down. In France, however, the train stopped after travelling certain distances and the soldiers were able to get out and freshen themselves. With this peace army nobody worries about conveniences, and the open doorway is the only means of keeping clean. In the compounds at distribution points in Japanese territory there are lavatories, open accommodation used by both sexes together. False modesty has no place among people so close to the starvation line in the simple matters of nature.

An idea of the immensity of the migration is available from the figures of entry along such routes as the volume may be checked. Into Dairen so far this year steamships have discharged 331.460. Yingkow, which is ambitious to become the rival of Dairen under Chinese direction, received 74,659.

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At the first station south of Mukden where the foot travellers could be counted, 36,372 had plodded their way from Shantung, an average of 500 miles each person. Through Antung, another port 23,808 had had arrived this year. A thousand a day are arriving at Mukden in open trucks on the Peking-Mukden Railway from Tientsin where they had been assembled on arrival from points in Shantung and Chihli. Then there is the matter of 67,372 other hiking work seekers apart from the Peking-Mukden Line.

When all these are added together we have more than six hundred thousand new people to be absorbed in Manchuria already this year, with the tide not yet at its highest point. There are many people who believe the estimate of two millions for the year too conservative.

How far the figures are ahead of last year, when a million entered, may be seen from the Dairen total of 650,000 for the twelve months. More than half that mark reached in slightly more than three months of 1928! Mass endurance can be seen from the Dairen police record of thirty percent of the arrivals by boat continuing their journey on foot.

In the palmiest days of the American immigration the high mark was registered in the ten year period ending in 1890. The total was 5,249,000, and the following two decades showed about 3,800,000 each, the annual average never running substantially beyond 500,000.

The reference is not handy, so I cannot say what the density of population is in the United

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States, whose immigration history so closely parallels that of Manchuria, but I do not think it will approach that of South Manchuria which now supports 41 persons to the square mile. Into South Manchuria, therefore, a low percentage of this new immigration is settling. Most of it is bound far north of Harbin, whence we later will follow and see what they do when they arrive with little more than a healthy appetite and a willingness to work in satisfaction of it.

Meanwhile watch them crowd into the freight cars, clawing at each other to be first, sheepishly afraid they will be left behind! The neatly clad, impeccable Japanese station hands look imperturbably on, merely watching that the torrent does not flow into the wrong channel. One little Chinese trots along with one foot bare and the other clad in the regulation Chinese cloth slipper. In the crush at the door of the van a big coolie—most of the men are big fellows—comes down with his boot on the lad's bare toes. There is a shriek and the youngster sinks down, nursing the injured parts. The offender hardly glances around. The boy's mother fetches her offspring a clout over the ear, lugs him to his feet and helps another to chuck him into the car. That is the spirit of this spartan migration; pity has no place in its make-up. It is grim, harsh business with few rewards in this generation.

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Chapter IV

THE COOLIE HORDE

Mukden,—Dogs partly devoured an immigrant child who died outside the city the other day. The statement was made to me by an employee of the Chinese Eastern railway Agency here. He did not seem concerned about the incident and no loud outcry was raised. An isolated instance of this hard country's lash upon the newcomer can hardly be expected to halt for a second the interest in more personal things. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost is the iron rule. There are thousands of others dying, but the tale of woe is offset by the vast multitude of cases of courage and application leading to success. After witnessing the inrush at Dairen and following the immigrant flood thus far, the first-time visitor in Manchuria begins to harden towards the burdens of the toiling, trudging horde, and sees that out of it is emerging a gripping drama in which the villain of military China is worsted by the alert and perhaps equally ruthless hero of the piece—the liberated and progressive Shantung coolie. The wholesale good here unfolding before the eyes as the leaves of early summer begin to push their way into the sun, is overwhelming compensation for everything harsh that is thrust upon the historic Two Millions.

The dogs ate a child here and doubtless it will occur again, although to do full justice to the mothers and fathers of the walking immigrants they are not lacking in the divine instincts which mo-

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tivate parents in luckier lands. Doubtless the little thing was ailing and wandered off and got lost and now is mourned by the family as keenly as nature will permit in a country and under conditions which relegate sorrow to a minor place in the scheme of things. The demand for "action ahead", for self-preserving urgent routine is too strong to permit of sustained grief, or a sorrow that interferes with the function of living.

If evidence is wanted about the finer instinctive impulses of the Shantung breed, it is right here for the seeing; just outside this window of the Yamato Hotel, on the magnificently broad plaza which is the centre of things Japanese. Behold the mother fiercely clutching her infant to her side, suckling one, holding another, a roving eye out for the third who might toddle out underneath the feet of droshky ponies, or worse, get in the way of the strange foreign horseless carriages. Packed in the shadow of the South Manchuria railway station are hundreds of brown-skinned pioneers, families and village groups. Already they are beginning to shed some of the padded blue clothing, for the sun is hot. There is a lad of six or so, completely unclothed and unconcerned as his mother endeavors to remove from his quilted jacket some of the more lively and aggressive of his gray-backed boarders. Nothing unusual about this procedure. At every considerable halt somebody feels the itch and the urge to slay. It must be understood that these are a people inured to pain, so the extent of the body company they keep may be imagined.

One may look in vain into these faces for the sign of a tear, a woebegone cast or an expression

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of anxiety. True enough it might be assumed that any kind of expressiveness would be impossible upon faces carved out by nature to equip a race of poker players. But I know that it is possible for feeling to paint its story on these stony features. Yet they hide what they endure in admirable fashion. Indeed beetling brows, brilliantly hard eyes, high cheek bones and big, firm mouths were meant for a fighting people, a passively fighting race who will have lots to fight before they get through. The grim determination spoken of by the best writers of adventure yarns may be seen here in the bulk. Even the children's features seem to tell to the world that it's dogged that does it.

Mukden is the big jobbing house in the immigrant trade. Dairen is simply one of the ports of entry, but Mukden is the railway hub of Manchuria, and the vast majority of the people come through this terminus. It is the point where the Peking-Mukden railway from the south joins up with the South Manchuria railway and where the S.M.R. line from the other ports of Antung and Yingkow empty their human freight into the melting pot. Here the final bulk routing is done and trains are made up for settlement points. Some are despatched to the junction point of Ssupingkai and are switched to the line for Payintala, Taonan and Tsitsihar to the west in Mongolia. Others are pushed to the end of the S.M.R. Main Line at Changchun and proceed on a connecting line to Kirin and way points in Manchuria. Mostly, however, they are destined for the country of free or cheap lands and better opportunity, the big triangle

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formed by the Trans-Siberian Railway and the river Sungari, with the city of Harbin at the apex and Siberia as the hypotenuse. That is the destination of the real developers, anywhere north of the 45th parallel of latitude. This is the North Manchuria everybody is talking about. Considerable numbers are distributing themselves in South Manchuria and Mongolia, but free land is not available and farm work for the tenant occupants more difficult to secure.

One of the real authorities on northern migration lives right here in Mukden. Formerly he held high diplomatic posts in Peking for the Russian government and remembers Sir Miles when he was simply Mr. Lampson, Legation Secretary and when J.V.A. MacMurray, the American Minister also was a mere secretary. He said the Manchurian migration had been an issue for several decades and at one time was regarded by the Imperial Russian government as one manifestation of the Yellow Peril. The investigator who followed in the track of the Chinese settlers at the behest of St. Petersburg discovered that the settlement movement was there sure enough, but that far from being a peril it was really a wholesome and economically healthy thing for Siberia. The settlers were a peaceful people who formed a useful source of cheap labor for the Siberian farmers and in due course they returned to their own country. Ever since then, even before the Peking government lifted the Manchu rulers' prohibition against the influx of Chinese to their stronghold north of the Great Wall, the Chihli, Shantung and Shansi folk had

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drifted in until South Manchuria had attained its present considerable development. The absorption point is very far from being reached even though more than 40 to the square mile is the situation to-day. It must be remembered that the Chinese settlers in the South of Manchuria are, because of their extremely simple living standards, able to exist upon much smaller parcels of land than are required by Occidental farmers. In some places an acre is enough. The average would not run more than twenty. Some fifty acre farms lie out in the country near this place and 100 acre farms are occasionally to be found in the remoter districts.

In Mukden suburbs to-day, for instance, a man pointed out a two acre field in which the first of the incoming settlers could be observed indulging his appetite for labor. The property was that used as a government wireless station. Overhead the antennae reared while around the tower bases the farmer, who had been granted the privilege of taking a crop from the land, worked out his furrows with the aid of wife and children.

The station superintendent considered this would be the most practical method of having his backyard groomed without charge. The family lived in the open on an adjoining field and they used rough wooden scrapers to open the ground ready for the seed he had borrowed. This was a pretty fair start. I don't know yet how much the farmer expects to get from that modest bit of property. but I do know that he will save part of it, and that, given a fair run of luck the family will be comfortable ensconced in a year or so and in ten

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years will be rising wealthy. You can't beat a people of this kind, and if their capacity for government equalled their pastoral and commercial genius there would be no holding them back from the forefront of the civilization as we know it.

How difficult it is to obtain precise figures of immigration becomes apparent on inquiry at the railway headquarters here. They can tell you how many people are entering by open truck on the Peking-Mukden line, and through the ports of Dairen, Antung and Yingkow by steamship. But these figures, already supplied, do not take into account the numbers of folk using the third class accommodation on the P.M.R. and these are a substantial addition to the total. The third class rail passengers, who travel in style by the colonist cars, which have seats and covered tops, are not all settlers. Some are merchants and even Chinese tourists, but I am informed by the station master at Mukden that about 80 per cent are permanent dwellers who are fortunate enough to be able to travel without the crude methods of truck and open road. On the Peking-Mukden line in January were 18,300 third class passengers; in February the number had increased to 38,893 and in March to 59,366, a grand total for the quarter year of 116,-559. If this average of 38,000 a month is maintained this year, we shall have to consider an additional 400,000 to the numbers already listed in the rougher category. Yet there isn't very much difference in the accommodation by this channel. True they have places to sit, but as I saw the carriages going through it is not certain that the comforts

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were very much greater than in the trucks. The carriages were inordinately crowded on the Chinese lines and the atmosphere decidedly stifling. An idea of the cash difference between third class and truck is available in the rates from Dairen to Changchun. For freight car accommodation it is $7.10 and by passenger car $10.90. There is sweeter atmosphere in the trucks and most people would be inclined to save the extra $3.80 and the pro rata to whatever district the immigrant is going.

As in the freight cars, fresh water is provided free, but travellers use the same methods of provisioning. That is they carry their fodder with them and in emergency cases, provided they have the money, may obtain supplies at principal stations, while the business-seeking small merchants at every little station are ever ready with fruit and fish and the staples of millet, kaoliang and soya bean in its various forms.

This brings us down to the special providence that guards the Chinese poor. Just as in the south, bamboo is the wonder worker, in the north the kaoliang and the bean are paramount. For centuries both have stood between the northern Chinese and starvation. Kaoliang is a rich food, a fuel, a builder of houses and offers a variety of uses. It looks like corn in the field, towering over all other forms of field vegetation as much as to assert its position as the prince of foods. With this and beans and the abundant fish available in the rivers and lakes, the immigrant horde, as well as the millions already here, are able to live and to believe they are very well off. Kaoliang seed is food and alcohol,

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the samshu referred to by foreigners. Stalks and leaves are fodder for the farm animals and the stuff to form the foundation of wattle and daub buildings while the roots remain to provide winter fuel.

And the mighty bean commands marvelous respect. First, it is food for the farmer and those who rely upon him, a food known and appreciated in this north country past the memory or record of man. As a fertilizer it is immensely valuable to Japan which has taken to the use of it these few decades. Soy sauce is internationally known and relished. Bean curd is a valuable food by-product and one that figures importantly in the national diet. Bean soup will appeal to any appetite. There are a hundred different methods of cooking beans for the family. Breakfast food and coffee substitutes are made from bean. As imitation condensed milk, oil, flour and under various other guises does the Manchurian staff of life travel. Without the bean and kaoliang, indeed, this immigrant tide would be turned before it started to flow. Of the two no doubt bean is king in Manchuria and he holds unswerving allegiance from his hungry subjects.

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Chapter V

THE CABARET AND THE BARRACK

First the Cabaret

Scene: The Follies Bergers cabaret, Harbin.

Out of the jaws of a gigantic papier mache tiger step three comely Russian wenches, bare of breast clad in the equivalent of three tealeaves apiece. They cavort about the tables of flushed guests and loud "whees" are heard as the champagne flows anew. Chinese, Russians, an international crew of revellers follow the undulations of the dancers, even the women grinning with an unlovely emotion.

Sensuousness is in the air and is flogged to fever heat as the girls increase their vibration. A trapeze is let down from the gilded ceiling. Each girl takes her place on it, hanging outwards towards the goggling and ogling audience. The trapeze is raised high above the assembly and begins to turn.

The number is finished. Now it is the audience which will entertain itself. The jazz band beats and thumps its African formula for music. Couples whirl and dip in close embrace. There is little room to dance, but little is needed.

A girl at one table lifts her glass and pours her champagne, at $19 a bottle on her near-bald companion's head in an ecstacy of emotion. What cares he?

Strange contrast is the next program number upon the spacious stage.

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It is a Russian village scene before the debacle. In the centre a jolly old moujik, wise man of the hamlet, tells and sings a story to the accompaniment of simple peasant instrumental music. The youths dance their old-style roundabouts, modest lasses hardly revealing an inch of ankle beneath voluminous print skirts, nor much of anything else by reason of tight bodices and long sleeves and poke bonnets. The village idiot plies his antics. It is a wholesome communal party, prettily played, superbly acted by the old wiseacre.

The audience is softened and promoted to a finer level and Russian parties hold hands across the tables as memory is stirred to a lost and not forgotten day before black 1917.

Down at the Majestic cabaret a girl in Egyptian scantiness of covering vies with a party of bathing beauties in startling and revealing effects, for attention of a party jammed and crushed into the small cabaret wherein ventilation is a forgotten quality. Pulsing music lures the heated merrymakers from tables and discreetly private boxes to the ten square feet of remaining dancing space. The people spill onto the stage and carry on there.

"Program", calls the manager in Russian—no other language is heard—and a former queen of comediennes in the imperial theatres, sings and chants the sweet and lively poesy of Pushkin. Knowledge of the language is not necessary to appreciation of this talented woman's art. She could cry and laugh and play a shy and roguish role or enthral with the tragical portrayals. Here was an artist. Here was an audience which had changed

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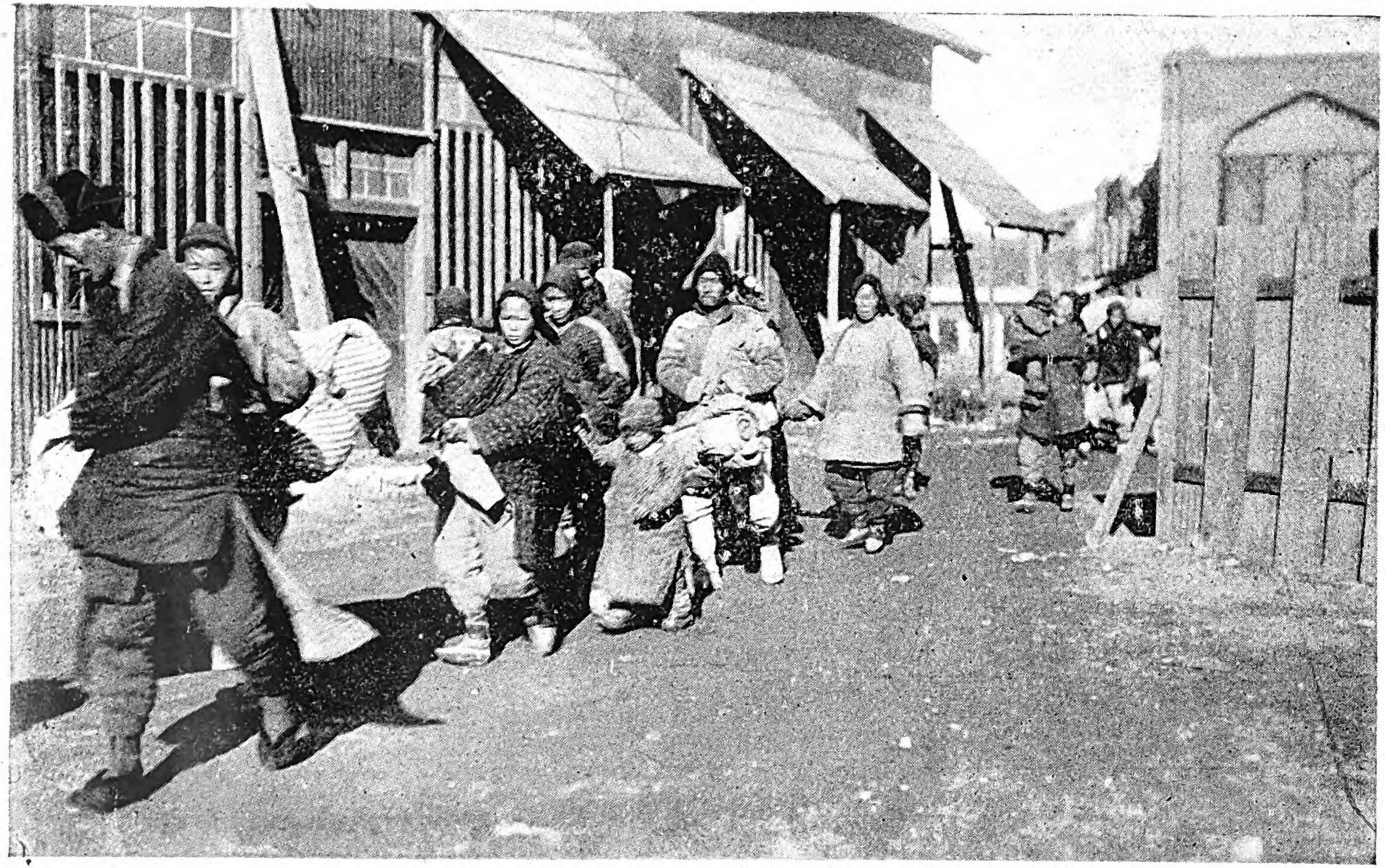

A family passing through a village in Manchuria, carrying all their worldly possessions on their backs or otherwise.

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A family passing through a village in Manchuria, carrying all their worldly possessions on their backs or otherwise.

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its front and now was in tune with refreshing things.

Witness Harbin, then, on any of its nights out, Harbin the hectic, Harbin the city of "Nichevo" or "never mind", Harbin whose cry is "spend and live to-day for to-morrow is sure to be bad."

Harbin the blend of sex and sweet humanity for the Russians here practice charity and play in sheer abandon as in no other place. A poor little imitation of Paris, and one over which the spirit of tragedy broods.

Second the Barrack

Scene: The immigrant barracks, Harbin.

A wooden structure, quite close to the railway station, built to accommodate fifty and holding two hundred. Just one of the sheds where the Shantung coolie and his lily-footed encumbrance halts on the way to the fields. Hulking men and patient women and wondering children, all poor to the minutest degree. Poor and dirty.

This is the last stopping place. Their goal is almost in sight, a place to rest after this frightful struggle up from the south into the blightingly cold north.

Step over prostrate bodies from one end of the shed to the other and see how tightly packed are they, and what a patient horde. There is no conversation. You never heard so much silence in such a big assembly.

An utterly exhausted woman lies back on her bedroll with a squirming child clawing at her breast, and it doesn't seem possible she can yield anything from her own store of energy.

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Down to bedrock, these people, living on millet porridge and rough bread against which ship's biscuit is a luxury. Men go about with buckets of water and men and women fill their tea kettles. Children drink from the spouts.

A people labelled for their destination like goods, having but a vague idea of their destination, but sure of one thing and that is if the land has any fruitfulness in it they, more than any others in the world, can make it yield with few if any implements.

Down in a cellar is the sickbay. A platform runs on each side of a runway. Huddled heaps of frowsy humanity lie about. Palled children are here in the greatest numbers. A woman looks with unseeing eyes from feverland, and mutters wildly and slavers at the lips. An old man died last night and is even now buried. Dysentery got him.

To-morrow there will be a doctor. Till now there has been none, but the missionaries made a united request to open a clinic to treat the desperate cases. The Chinese said they would do it themselves. Already the little hut has been set aside for the foreign-trained doctor and perhaps he will be too late to-morrow to do anything for the faver-riven woman or the silent little children.

An American missionary comes in. His name is Charles Leonard. I never liked missionaries much, perhaps more from prejudice than knowledge. This one is nature's gentleman. He is a good man, because sincerity looks out of a clear eye and evokes friendly smiles from the flock he is striving to cope with. These Shantungese don't know

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much about God and if they did might ponder on the love in His creed, when they have time to think about anything but the stern things of eating and keeping warm. The missionary talks with quiet enthusiasm about the distribution of scriptures among these lost people. You mention bread, and he replies: "The Bread of Life." Then in a practical way he shows how impossible it would be to try and cope with the proper feeding of the countless thousands. They only can point to the greater scandals, such as the need for medical attention and give what message of hope lies within their belief. He avows the people are comforted and comfort must be something new in their lives.

Now the uniformed and plump Chinese very minor official is come to stir the next train load on its way. He comes with a stick to prod the tardy and thump backs and heads without discrimination. They are off under loads of baby and bedding, leaving only the utterly sick, and the wretched part of it is, relatives must leave their suffering behind, because the law of the mill says so.

Here, on the very frontier of Shantung's Canaan, trains are disgorging their thousands and within a day of leaving most of the coolie immigrants will be allocated and start upon their new life.

From this geographical centre of Manchuria and the real spout of the immigrant mill are distributed most of the two million of 1928, and the astounding statement is made that already this year 300,000 have arrived. The railway officials Day that they have room for 22,000,000 more, even after this year's quota is absorbed.

Complete evidence about the numbers arriving

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in Manchuria is available from the records of the Chinese Eastern railway. In the whole of 1926, there were 150,000 new settlers, not counting the transient laborers. In the following year 300,000 arrived. The railway expects a minimum of 600,000 in 1928, and they speak only of the district immediately contiguous to Harbin.

Note this year's quota. Even in January when the cruel Manchurian winter froze the land 2,037 arrived. In February, 19,100 had passed through the barracks. March saw 86,143, so that in the three months 107,000 was the total. But the height of the tide has not been reached, for May usually is the heaviest month, and the inrush continues at a high figure until October, when it dwindles to a thousand or so. Few walk further than Changchun, for there the Chinese authorities take them in hand and tell them about the free passage for the destitute. How many there are without funds may be seen from railway records. Of the 86,143 in March, 10,300 were carried free by the Chinese Eastern railway from the Changchun junction through Harbin to their destinations. Receiving fare reductions were 68,618 and only 7,215 were able to pay full fare. These latter had third class colonist cars, comfortless things at the best, and the reduced fare folk travelled in box cars, together with the deadheads. The average reduced fare is $4.50 Harbin currency, and the Harbin dollar runs less than 80 cents to the gold yen, which in turn is approximately 50 cents in American gold currency, so that the assisted passage rate on the last lap is $1.80 gold.

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Now works this out from the port of Tsingtao to the bean fields: $2 Mex. to Dairen, Yen 7.10 to Changchun and $4.50 Harbin currency to destination, a total charge to those able to pay something, of $7.35 gold, but as pointed out before many thousands never saw that much money and must get up without transportation and do. Moreover, in true economical Chinese fashion, many who have the pelf try to pose as indigents, but so long as they are handled by their own people, who know their nature there isn't a high ratio of beating.

At this point may be seen operating, as at Changchun, the Chinese organization which has been formed to direct the flood that otherwise might inundate the country before it reached the district of usefulness. Up to Changchun the village societies of Shantung, through a central organ, attends to the direction and relief. Along the next route the Chinese Commercial Agency, representing the Chambers of Commerce, looks after the work and not entirely unselfishly, but none the less practically. Most of the northern land to which the immigrants are going is held by private owners in large tracts, by banks and syndicates. The governor of Hei-lungkiang himself is a very considerable holder of acreage and watches the pioneer tide with considerable satisfaction.

Their plan is to give out this land in small parcels, dependnig upon the size of the family, on very long terms, with no payment whatever the first year and with seed and implements provided on similar instalment plans. Animals are loaned for the ploughing. In some instances the land is

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broken over large tracts by gang ploughs, as the native Shantungese dislikes virgin ploughing, and moreover the owner is able to reap a larger price after turning over the sod.

Through a very well managed organization considering the extent of this settlement movement, the organization gets in touch with friends of those already in the district and induces others to enter the same locality. In this way about 90 percent of immigrants are actually going into places where there is some prospect of getting a little help from established farmers.

I was able to follow a typical family down the line which leads south east towards Vladivostock. The patriarch, his wife, four sons and three wives and four children were ticketed for Wukimiho station, together with a number of others into the same region. The family from this point had to walk about thirty miles north where arrangements had been made to put them on fifty acres quite close to some other people from their same village.

There was nobody at the station to meet them and nobody was expected, so the old man and his brood were not disappointed. But they had vague directions as to the trail to take and they plunged across country quite unconcernedly carrying big loads. Rough food was carried in the bed rolls and the youngest children were pickaback in turn on their fathers and mothers. Water was provided at the station, as tanks are being erected at principal distribution stations.

In less than a week, good going over rough country with footbound women—98 per cent are so crippled—they were at their destination and for

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a couple of days were accommodated in the wattle and daub huts of their Shantung friends. At once the newcomers with kaoliang and mud built themselves a hut, with clay floor and were installed and as happy as a family can be under such rigorous circumstances.

Free seed, a loan donkey, occasional donations of food and the party was at work on the ploughing and they ploughed from daylight to dark with vigor and patience despite the history of hardship that had been their lot since the embarkation upon this severe enterprise.

There are enough members in this typical family to do the harvesting without extraneous help and after the fall crop is gathered it will be taken down to the nearest station and sold to commission agents. By that time let it be known that the old farmer will be familiar enough with local prices to defend himself against the shrewdest of bargainers among the bean buyers.

Farmers without farm help and whose acreage warrants it, obtain transient help from the labor hongs. In the spring he tells his needs to the district agent who brings in the required number of coolies, engaging them through a representative at Dairen or Mukden. This is the class of labor with which Manchuria has been familiar for decades, men who left Shantung in the Spring, came north to work in time for the planting and remained until after harvest, receiving about $25 Mex. for their pains together with scanty food, and returning to their native places before the winter set in.

Among the hundreds of thousands moving northward now are many of this class, but the thing

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that lifts the immigrant to a different plane this year is that most of the people are coming to stay and bringing their folk, even to the very aged.

Listen to a story as told to me by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, outpost worker for the American Baptist Foreign Mission Board, of Richmond, Virginia. A party of immigrants arrived at Mukden, comprising women, children and men. They had no money to go further. The relief society offered free transportation to the women and children but the men had to walk. The family council decided that the women would remain in Mukden several days while the men set out afoot for Changchun. They had not gone long when the immigration society insisted the women and bairns go too. The channels had to be cleared of clogging humanity. So they were shipped to Changchun days before their men could possibly arrive. And at Changchun it was the same story, move on, move on. Repeated once more at Harbin, clear the barracks.

Frantic men searched in vain at Changchun and they were carried free to Harbin. No sign, no intelligence of the women and children could be found, and the men were not allowed to remain but in turn had to be prodded out and into the gaping cars and off to the land. Efforts were made by missionary people to bring the family together, but so far without results. There is one ray of hope. Through letters written by both sides to the home village in Shantung the parties may be advised of each other's whereabouts, but under the best of circumstances months must elapse before that happens, and nobody can say how long it will be before reunion is accomplished, if ever.

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This is one case of hardship. Each day brings its quota of others until the sum of pitiful and sometimes dreadful instances of suffering grows beyond calculation.

One of the points about this plodding tide which concerns established people up here is disease. While so far there has been no epidemic, it is due to luck more than management is local opinion at Harbin. I am assured by the Chinese Eastern railway that two sanitary observation posts have been established at Changchun. Doctors there only concern themselves with communicable disease, and their inspection is rapid and cursory. Thousands parade by and doctors must depend upon a swift look for assurance that health rules. There are no provisions yet for isolation camps in the event of epidemic diseases arising. Moreover, the medical posts will exist only for four months over the heaviest movement, and after that the country will have to trust to Providence.

The astonishing, probably the most astounding feature of the Shantung migration is the powers of endurance. These people seem inured to pain. Nature in its mysterious way may provide some anaesthetic against the pinches that other peoples feel acutely, such as cold, hunger, thirst, minor discomforts connected with uncleanliness and even hard knocks. Wounds heal quickly. Resistance to infection appears natural and general. It often has been said that the Chinese coolie north of the Yangtze is unused to any other form of life than he is now coping with. Women accept stoically the impositions of a hard fate from cruel foot binding which crushes bone development and leaves

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them with stumps instead of feet, to childbirth which to them is but an incident. A noble physique is theirs and this saving grace will stand them well when it comes to life in the bitter frostlands of Manchuria. Their homes are primitive, barely clean, insufficiently heated in winter, completely devoid of everything catering to creature comforts or the aesthetic in life. Not a picture, not a book, apparently not an ideal beyond the common functions. Four walls, a thatched roof, clay floor, wooden benches, a raised k'ang with rough mattress, heated beneath by charcoal pans, a charcoal stove for cooking—nothing more. Yet, given a turn of prosperity, a chance at the squeezes of office, into the realm of riches and they develop a love of luxury sensuous and oriental. A visit to the home of a rich merchant up here, and every Chinese is a merchant in the embryo, will show a style of living which makes the body to grow fat and the senses to liven. Rich living comes as natural as does searing poverty.

This afternoon I made the pilgrimage from barrack to box car with five hundred outbound immigrants. A sharp command brought them rearing to their feet with heavy eyes, incredible loads were shouldered. Shrill calls brought little family groups huddled together. The guide swore and swung his baton and like geese they were surging about in mass on the street, bewildered by the confusion and without that power of organization which would keep better disciplined folk in some sort of formation. The guide waved a stick and away they tottered and hobbled.

The wail of babies rose above the babbling of women. It would have been an easy matter for

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the railway company to switch a car into the station not two hundred yards away, but that is not the method. Bullied and hectored they were driven across a road in imminent peril of destruction by racing cars which race around these streets like nowhere else on earth, not excepting Paris. Down an embankment, across open fields, along the railway ties, through rough country the mass moved and the sight would tear the heart of peoples unused to the raw and the rough. There was an elderly woman who had some difficulty keeping up with the throng and two others had her by the arms. Every step must have been agonizing with feet in her condition. Even small children carried loads, gourds or tea kettles or bundles of property. On top of one man's immense bundle a wisp of a boy reclined at ease and looked down on the world with interested eyes. He was the man's most prized possession, a son to carry on and save his father's soul with devotions in the future. What mattered the rough way of to-day if you had a son or a grandson in whom you would live later? The box cars were two miles away and somehow the five hundred got there and were sorted out into districts and then bundled in and locked there. There was a little ventilation offered by the chained door, enough to keep the gangs alive.

In a few minutes a shunting engine backed

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down and was coupled. The human freight was hurried off to link up with a trainload of other stuff going east and in a matter of minutes the last trainway leg of the journey was under way.

There was nobody to see them off and not a cheer arose from within. Only the wailing of the infants told of the class of cargo, and children wail under much more luxurious conditions than these.

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Chapter VI

BULWARK AGAINST "SQUEEZE".

HARBIN,—How Japan stands to-day as China's principal anchor against the storms of bolshevism and self-destruction is well appreciated in North Manchuria, for the influence of the grim little islanders is felt far north of Changchun, the limit of the South Manchuria railway. Not only are the Shantung and Chihli coolie farmers streaming in, an endless blue ribbon of humanity, but from the east the Korean rice farmers are penetrating northwards and westwards. It has been shown that the major settlement at present lies along the path of the Chinese Eastern railway to the south east, but that is merely one of the favored districts. Reference to the map will show that a stub line of railway runs north from Harbin and ends at Suihwa. Settlement along there is pretty well established but north of that station is a vast open country, hundreds of square miles itching for the plough. In that territory the tide is pouring also, ahead of the projected extension of the line to a place given as Nanking on the postal map, but which in railway circles is known as Mergen. Follow the Chinese Eastern railway west to Angangchi where the railway comes north from Taonan, forming a junction.

It is proposed to take the line which ends at Tsitsihar and extend it up to Mergen and further on to Blagoveshchensk. All that vast square of territory will then be joined in union with farmer, transportation and market and further extending the production which seems to have ceased elsewhere in

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China, and exists here only because the Japanese say it shall be so.

I am not so sure that Japan is getting very much out of her "mandate" except a little railway profit and assurance of a regular supply of food, fertilizer, timber and minerals. It takes a lot of hard work and a lot of watchfulness. The country is unsuited to Japanese settlement in the first place and even if it was not the Japanese couldn't farm nor otherwise labor here because the Chinese coolie, living like an animal on a few cents a day, accepts a lower wage than would his Nipponese neighbor. Japanese therefore, stick largely to commercial pursuits in Manchuria while the Chinese do most of the manual and menial backwork, and are glad to be able to do so in safety. Many of the Koreans pushing into the north are having a difficult time. They are clean, hard- working people, a considerable asset to the country but the Chinese keep pricking them and irritating the Japanese, their protectors.

The purpose of the Chinese in hounding Koreans is to force Chinese naturalization upon them. There is a double purpose here but the main one is money. One naturalization certificate twenty dollars please. That is the cry of the Chinese officials up north, money, money, money. They are remorseless in pursuit of it, and if they preach a patriotic motive in thus endeavoring to Chinafy the Koreans they lie like hell. The old officialdom might have been believed, but not these fellows. The second reason for oppression of the silent little rice growers is an effort to get them out of Japanese influence. Once the Korean becomes Chinese he is subject to all the squeezes and thieving taxation schemes with-

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in the cunning mind of the money-getter. And the Korean knows all about it and much prefers to be a Japanese subject.

But up at Harbin the Japanese Consul has but a handful of men at his disposal to police the district, thirty all told and it is not an easy job keeping a mantle about the Koreans far off in the backlands. Wherever the Japanese patrols exist, in Harbin and about the suburbs there is about as much oppression of Koreans or Japanese peaceable residents as there is persecution of the Indians in the neighborhood of the North West Mounted police posts in Canada.

Another difficulty with which the Japanese are endeavoring to cope is the taxation question and on top of that again is the money problem. Now the Powers never have formally recognized China's forcible seizure of the Chinese Eastern railway special area, and when the Chinese overlords followed up the move by a quavering cry for taxes and more taxation, to satisfy that insatiable appetite for money, flat refusal to pay was Japan's answer. The other consuls did the same, at first, but latterly they have advised their nationals to yield the tax under the guise of a contribution to the civic chest. This childish manoeuver must make the Chinese to laugh out loud. Who cares what the tax is called so long as the collector gets it. The Japanese are persistent, however, and their attitude is quite fair. They do not object to the payment of taxes as taxes and appreciate the need of funds for municipal works, but have a very human desire to be assured that the money thus acquired is really used on local public ventures. As elsewhere in China officials

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holding dictatorial power here at Harbin given no accounting for their talents or anything else. Get the money and keep no books (beyond a list of those who have money and may be squeezed) is the order of procedure.

Hence the Japanese will not pay and the Chinese are employing odds and ends of wile to make things uncomfortable for them. They refuse to register land transfers, and Japanese with land to sell and those who wish to buy must await the end of the deadlock. Sewer connections are refused even when payment is offered for this special service and even the doubtful police protection withheld.

True the municipality spends necessary thousands here and there in road repair and sewer ajustment, but the bulk of the money collected, and it is no inconsiderable sum, vanishes down the chute into the pocket that takes all and yields nothing.

In the realm of money General Chang Huan-hsiang, administrator of the Special Railway area, meaning the towns along the C. E. R. and the right-of-way, is a very good getter for Chang Tso-lin and a very faithful remitter, they say, hence any small weakness exhibited during the meteoric appearance of Kuo Sung-ling may be forgiven. He has forced a fiat money upon the people in one of the most cynical schemes of organized theft known in the history of economics and has given greater effect to his action by prohibiting the use of any other form of currency, notably the Japanese yen. As most people know the yen is backed by gold and is a genuine currency acceptable anywhere in the world. Under pain of imprisonment or the choice of a plot of ground in which to lie forever, the administrator

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has declared that the Harbin Dollar, as it is called, must be the one and only form of paper money. Its value lies only in the mouth of the so-called government that issued It. Thirty million dollars is the amount acknowledgedly circulated, but foreign bankers at Harbin say seventy million would be nearer the market and more is on the press. In appearance it is one of the filthiest forms of exchange extant—mostly moldering bits of paper, often entirely undecipherable and held together by bits of gummed paper. This is the stuff which is called money and let anybody go to a Chinese bank and demand silver for it! Let him try, that's all!! Bankers doubt if there is a single piece of silver left to redeem this monstrous flotation.

To finance the war and to line the pockets Heaven knows where have gone the goods and the silver for which the Harbin dollar was forcibly exchanged and when the reckoning comes it is the simple, blue-clad coolie, crawling up from Shantung, the farmer laboriously working his land, the whole mixed peoples of the north who will lose, and the loss is inevitable.

The Harbin dollar is working another evil. It is crippling the import business seriously. Those bringing goods into the country on a spot cash basis can take their paper and convert it at the market rate ruling that date. But where credit terms are provided for the shipper is in a hopeless position, for how is he to know how much the notes will be worth weeks or months hence?

On the basis of this money situation the Japanese have entered a strong protest to their own government, Representatives of the 3,700 Japanese in

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Harbin held a meeting last week and called the attention of Tokyo to the condition in no uncertain terms, flaying the Chinese officials for their despotism and recommending a firmer attitude on the part of the home government. What will come of this appeal remains to be seen.

The Chinese farmer does his best to protect himself something along these lines. Besides the Harbin dollar there is a form of paper money used in the country called piao or tiao. It is valuable as the dollar note. But it happens to be the only form of exchange token in daily use and is perforce in circulation. The produce buyer buys a bale or so of this stuff and goes forth after beans, rice, kaoliang and similar things which can be converted into gold later on. The farmer accepts it, watching the current fluctuations on the market with the shrewd eye of a farmer anywhere. But as soon as he receives this paper he hastens off to buy more land with it, or stock or anything real and, if he can find it, a little silver to sink in the family hiding place. In this way the paper keeps circulating furiously and in due course somebody will be stuck and it is a safe bet it will not be the banker, the official nor the man in the know.

Occasionally the money brokers and the native bankers get together and hold meetings at which they make high-sounding speeches patriotically in favor of the Chinese currency and denouncing all forms of foreign exchange. This is intended for the ear of the civil administrator who is thus supposed to be lulled into a happy state of believing that he has the united support of the merchant classes. Immediately afterwards the self-same trading

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speechmakers hurry forth to convert what they have into yen or goods of value, thinking, no doubt, that the addresses will have stiffened the market a little.

There is positive danger for the Chinese or the Russian in having yen about the person. From time to time uniformed men swoop down on the shops and inspect the cash drawers and the books, and a sad time is in store for the proprietor or clerk found with a shrinking yen in his possession. Hence you must speak in whispers when buying anything and tendering the Japanese yen in exchange. Offer a note of this kind and the shopkeeper starts visibly and steps back in fright, for you may be a tempting agent of the hawk-eyed police.

As the train bowls along through this pleasant prairie country, so remindful of western America, and you see the laboring swain doing their fourteen hours or so, with their women and children giving all their strength in the same cause of building up a prosperous country, it seems a pity that the authority of Japan is not extended to the protection of a stable currency, just as her policy is committed to keep Manchuria free of civil war. Contrast the plight of these people in the Chinese Eastern railway zone with those living, say, in Dairen where they may work and receive real value for their efforts and be reassured against a future day wherein someone will say further north "This money is not good. Your savings are worthless."

Turning back to the question of present settlement routes in Heilunkgiang, one must not overlook the country to the west of the Taonan-Angangchi railway. Thousands are pouring in that way

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and it is a lovely country—but. The hunghutze and the Mongol are the buts. From Taonan into the land of the Mongol is but a few miles, and vast acreage is under the control of the lamas. They use the country as a grazing ground and are mighty jealous of intruders. Being a people with a warlike history, having established a precedent that Napoleon could not follow in conquering Russia and doing it thoroughly, the Mongolians show their resentment towards immigrants by hunting them back across the border and strictly confining them to Heilungkiang province.

But just as the Chinese penetrated Manchuria against the wishes and despite the forceful methods of the Manchu rulers, so these Shantung and Chihli settlers will establish themselves west of the Taonan line; you can't keep these people down.

The only thing you can do is take away their money, and the officials are doing it as thoroughly as they know how.

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Chapter VI

GAYETY—INIQUITY—TERRORISM

HARBIN—Hkarbeen—that's about how they pronounce it up here, the capital of White Russia in China. City of iniquity, harbor of purity. Gayest corner of China. Seat of a sinister form of terrorism. At once the home of high living and the bread line. A city over which waves the most curious flag in the world, a combination emblem of two nations. City of speed and of soothing quiet. Headquarters of a railway stolen from one group of people and operated for the joint account of two others, while it remains keenly watched by still another. Parade ground of silk stockings and no stockings at all, of stunning fashions and hideous rags. Nesting place of the cabaret, the dive and refuge of an outlawed church. Harbin the meeting place of all that is best and worst among men and women. Harbin the collection depot for as sweet a gang of extortionists as ever used a secret police to hunt the man of money for the purpose of taking it away from him. Harbin a flourishing city to-day and perhaps consigned to Limbo to-morrow.

Harbin truly is Russian and, since the Muscovite revolution of 1917, the principal stronghold of the "Whites" where anti-bolshevic plotting goes on in secret as did Nihilist plots in St. Petersburg during the czar's reign. And, although the Whites have it in numbers, the Reds hold the whip hand in preferred position, for they are big bosses of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the railway is the reason for Harbin. Russian is the language, except in the

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Chinese city adjoining, and it is a safe wager that most of the Chinese understand and speak the tongue of Moscow. Cobbled streets, old fashioned buildings, kiosks, queer architecture that speaks of Turkish influence, present a picture of a fairly big provincial Russian city before the war. In Harbin you step right out of China and rub shoulders with the occident.

Everywhere is evident the flag of the Chinese Eastern railway. The top half is the five-barred flag of the Chinese republic. The lower half is the red field the sickle, the hammer and the star. It signifies that the railway is the common property of Russia and China, both of which share in the profits.

The streets are filled with a gay laughing throng whose attitude spells a feverish desire to extract the last ounce of enjoyment to-day, never mind what the morrow will produce, and really they are a little fearful of the next day and not too certain about this one.

You have to consider Harbin geographically to provide the proper background. Almost the centre of Manchuria it is a meeting place of three railways and a river. Naturally this makes it the distributing point for produce and population. There is a toss-up as to whether the Chinese Eatsern railway or the South Manchuria is greatest factor in making for Harbin's importance. True the S.M.R. does not run into the town, but a spurline runs down to Changchun, where it joins up with the Japanese railway and affords the real outlet for produce, winter and summer and the same kind of an inlet for North Manchuria's outside purchases. There is the stub

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line pointing straight north about sixty miles to Suihwa, and further construction is going on to Hailin, and the projection is eventually to carry it north by a jog west and a jog east to connect with Blagoveshensk and the Trans-Baikal railway.

So there it lies in a very commanding position indeed, but its greatest factor of present prosperity is the Chinese Eastern railway which has its headquarters on the spot and furnishes much of Harbin's ready money. Millions of dollars annually are spent by the railway in wages and purchases and all forms of outlay. Take the railway organization out of the place, and there would ensue considerable suffering, although the ultimate dominance of the city would not be affected.

The Chinese Eastern railway was conceived in iniquity and exists to-day as a cynical reminder of how the debt of a nation was repudiated by the application of a latter-day creed of dishonesty. Imperial Russia created the railway in a dream of Pacific domination through a passage from its eastern boundaries to the Liaotung Peninsula. The right to throw the line across China was obtained by bribing the Chinese statesman, Li Hung-chang. Down the corridor it was proposed to hurl legions at whatever enemy showed itself, using the two outlets of Vladivostock and Dairen. But the Russo-Japanese war, which gave Japan that part of the line from Changchun south, and the Greater War which brought the railway in Chinese territory under joint management for mutual profit, has changed the outlook, and now, according to the Mukden agreement, the railway from Manchuria to Suifenho on the Siberian border and from Harbin to Chang-

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chun is both Chinese and Soviet staffed, with the Dalbank, national bank of Russia to-day, as the receiving depot for moneys and the disburser of net profits to each account.

The line was built by the Russian government with money borrowed abroad, largely from France, and by all right and justice the proceeds of the property should be used to retire the debt incurred. Instead the millions of revenue go to fatten Chang Tso-lin's war chest and to whatever curious uses the Moscow government makes of the money. Quite recently the Dalbank released 28 million roubles, now on the gold basis, half going to each treasury. How much of this money, wrung from the farmers of this prairie region went to the uses for which it should be directed, supposing that the claims against Imperial Russia are altogether lost? Not a cent. Those 28 millions were drained away like the water down the Sungari and now the Dalbank is preparing another slice of profit, a form of district looting of staggering proportions. The men who make the business for this railway, the resident tillers and the millions now coming in are sweating to enrich the Peking Administration and the Stalin treasury. The curious thing about this situation is that Japan, innocently enough, is perforce a party. Japan keeps the peace in Manchuria. Withdraw her support and Manchuria will be like the rest of China, on the verge of bankruptcy, and the Chinese Eastern railway would go into rags and tatters as have most of the railways to the south.

By the Mukden agreement Chinese and Russians are to share alike on the payroll of the Chinese Eastern railway. But Russians have managed

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Barbed wire enclosures keep the immigrants within bounds

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to retain the greatest number of employees, although Chinese are steadily encroaching. There is a tacit agreement that whenever a Russian employee is dismissed or otherwise released, a Chinese shall take his place and this shall keep up until a perfect balance is attained. Where there is a Russian head of a department there shall be a Chinese assistant, and where a Chinese head a Russian aide. By order of Moscow only those with Soviet passports may draw pay from the Chinese Eastern railway. Were this order strictly enforced at the beginning there would not have been a sufficient number of technical men to go around. So Whites who wished places were allowed to have them providing they applied through the Soviet consul for citizenship papers. Hence it is that a large number of Mensheviks at heart hold jobs and work with the Red comrades. The situation is not relished by Moscow, and I'll tell you why. Quite recently Moscow decided that only the true crimsons should continue on the staff and they let out a few White suspects, intending to replace them with the right stuff.

China came up smiling. "Thank you," she said, "these are my places." Now Moscow is chary of releasing any more Russians, even though they be White, because, she fears the encroachment of Chinese influence on the line.

The railway makes bags of money. It does so by charging stupendous freight rates on those portions of the line which are non-competitive and business men tell me that the rate from the end of the S.M.R. to Harbin is two thirds higher than that on the Japanese portion of the road, and that it costs more to move a parcel of freight from Dairen

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to Harbin than from Dairen to America, all because of the C.E.R. tariff. The game, of course, is to throw as much traffic as possible down the eastern way to Vladivostock, instead of allowing the Japanese to have it. The division now as between Dairen and Vladivostock is about fifty fifty.

Talk about wild spending! This railway does it. Its staff seems to agree upon the point that there is little use in doing things along strictly economical lines, and a spending orgy is on. Whoever heard of a railway company disbursing $300,000 to provide opera for one of its cities? The C.E.R. did that thing last season, and we will say this for it that it was mighty good opera, and highly appreciated by one and all—but hardly business.

They have fine fat wages for the higher officials, running from 40,000 roubles to 4,000 and a host of minor employees living well and not killing themselves with work. Automobiles are provided for the higher ranks, and the story is told that one man covered 1,200 kilometres in a day with his car, and he an auditor! Free houses and a handsome club for employees—these are but items in the generous outlay which keeps Harbin going. This spending bee may account for some of the lavishness of Harbin and explain to the newcomer in the town why the starving Russians are not so much in evidence, although there are a large number for all that.

You do begin to wonder about Harbin's indigence after a stroll down the Kitaiskaya or any other principal thoroughfare throughout the day or even long after midnight. Handsome women are gowned in exquisite fashion, and silk stockings catch the eye and hold, for the Russian lady possesses under-

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pinnings which show off sheer silk to the best of advantage. Men are garbed in well cut suits and a general air of smartness prevails over the city proper and if they patronize the resorts and hotels, which they do in surging numbers, they must possess much wampum and display a ready disposition to part with it.

Night life is one of the ways in which your Harbin Russian and his Chinese superior—in legal status—may dispose of their savings. There are ten cabarets, all of which commence business about midnight and keep up the frantic pace until day light. There are not such cabarets anywhere in China and they are not all bad. The bad ones are not all shady and the good ones are generally respectable, even if leaning heavily towards the sensual side. Dancing partners take the floor with whomever offers and they don't insist on champagne, although none has ever been heard to refuse. But a vast social chasm lies between the professional dancing partner and the artist who helps to make up the program.

The girl whose business it is to help out the evening for unattached males is not necessarily wicked either, although she might be, and the uncertainty has its charm. But the girl who sings and acts and otherwise performs on the stages which exist in most Harbin cabarets usually is a little aloof. Of course, they have the usual stories of the singer who maintains mother, father and seven children from her earnings. Perhaps she does.

Everybody goes cabaretting in Harbin; whole families of people go after dinner of nights and the entertainment is often of a high order. Many

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of the vocal artists are of the recently disbanded opera company, and their work really is excellent. Dancing, I mean of the specialty order, is first rank, although it largely runs in company with generous display of cuticle. The "although" is not necessarily used in a disparaging sense. In some cases the thing is carried too far. I am informed on reliable authority that at one resort the ladies parade in a sort of gilt paint and sometimes a good coating of powder. To these places the families do not go, and there is a very nice discrimination used throughout the social life of Harbin. In the best places people are always genial, most often convivial, seldom vulgar or abandoned. In the more obscure places the other side is expected and accommodated.

The cabaret show is remarkably cheap. Entrance is free, of course, and the management looks to the sale of drinks for its income. Among the haute monde and the visiting drummers champagne is the accepted beverage, and sauterne or equivalent light wines are next. It is not expected that customers will spend more than a few dollars in a long evening's show, and many families spend less than a dollar a head for vaudeville which would cost goodly sums on the big time circuits in the United States.

In the poorer quarters of the city, among the Russian unemployed or little employed, another picture is shown. The Russian is a pretty liberal liver and will quite readily dispose of his clothing for a good night out—the cover, of course, to be sold or pawned afterwards, not before. Many poor people do not go out until nightfall and then keep off the brilliant main streets, for the Harbinite is proud even if moneyless. There is a curious practice

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among the destitute. Begging is prohibited on ordinary days, although the Chinese seems to be exempt from this custom. But Saturday brings forth its numbers of ragged Russian urchins and begging women. They go from store to store and it is usual to give each caller one cent. With true Chinese regard for economy native shops do not give the cent. They hand out a box of matches instead. The beggar sells the matches for a cent, but the Chinese has saved on the deal. His offering costs less. You can't beat 'em.

Some 80,000 Russians live in Harbin, and the attempt to hide poverty will be understood when the police practice is explained. Those without visible means of support are railroaded away, either back to Russia, or, if they squeal too loudly at that penalty, to south. Poverty is not the only way to attract police attention, and the stories Russians tell of Chinese persecution are distressing. When the police need money they hunt up a rich Russian, when not engaged in practising on their own kind. It is charged that kidnappings are common and release comes upon payment of ransom. More often legal means are employed, if you can call them legal. A good prospect is tapped on the shoulder and charged with putting his feet on the sidewalk or something like that. Bail is put up by him, according to his circumstances, and that's the last that is heard of the case. All that is needed is the bail money. Some Russians contend that they are brought up regularly and every Russian with anything in his pockets expects to be taken into the police yamen at least once a year, the naughty things! But about the fellows kidnapped there is

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something mysterious. Often they pay huge sums, and one is debited with $200,000. They never speak about the treatment they received. The threatened penalty for peaching on whoever does the kidnapping must be pretty convincing.

The Russians are mighty careful in their handling of the Chinese up in Harbin. The foreigner without extraterritoriality is seen up here in his most miserable state. Let a Russian driver disobey the Chinese traffic cop! At the least a slapped face, right out before the multitude, and in other cases a sound thwacking with a stick is the result. I saw quite a well dressed youth booted by a policeman; whether he deserved it or not is past telling. "Answer not back" is the rule, and to take a defiant attitude towards a policeman or a truculent stand against any Chinese is inviting disaster. No, the Russian treads mighty carefully, and he is ever fearful that conditions will worsen and that terrorism will intensify. Frank fear is everywhere expressed. Fervency is behind many Russian expressed wishes that the Japanese direct control, such as they exercise in the S.M.R. zone were extended thus far and beyond.

What lies behind the reason for this abuse of power by so many Chinese in official position? As you see the average Chinese up here he is a pushing, alert and remarkably intelligent man on matters concerned with business. His ready grasp of an alien language, especially such a difficult tongue as the Russian; his adaptability, his familiarity with economic truths, as witness his frugality; his ready facility in almost any branch of science except government, spell a fine perception of things. But there exists in his nature as we see it up here a proneness

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to take undue advantage of those over whom he has authority. If he is to achieve the greatness for which he expresses a healthy desire, it will be necessary to root out this weakness if it is general, and put such men of breadth and understanding into office as will carry to foreigners in their midst a full confidence that will breed a better understanding all round.

Mention has been made of Harbin's speed. This refers to vehicular things. Many automobiles use the streets of Harbin and believe the word of any traveller who tells you how those cars behave! The majority are jitneys, cars which pick up anyone who hails them and carry passengers along certain defined routes. How they move! From the Grand hotel to the Modern is a distance of about two miles. The more conservative drivers touch the ground about four times, and that at corners only. Truly these taxis might be dubbed Hinklers. Hinkler is the man who made the dash from England to Australia in a certain number of hops, Harbin cars don't move; they hurtle, and it is terrifying to try and get across a street when one of them is in sight. Down they bear on you with jaws agape like hungry tigers. Busses are alike. Trams too. A Russian woman was killed near the railway bridge by a streetcar last week. The impact cut the teeth from her head and sent them rattling like dice on the cobbled road. An onlooking girl laughed in hysteria. The unfortunate traffic victim got caught in a jam and it was a case of being hit by a car or a tram and she seemed to choose the heavier.

Cheaper transportation would be difficult to find. Ten cents for an ordinary ride in a jitney is

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the rule. You simply climb in, close your eyes, count eleven and the journey is finished. How anybody can afford to keep a car when jitneys are so cheap is not easy to see. A car to yourself costs a dollar a ride and some of these taxis are beauties. Let them catch you after nightfall, though, and a different story is to be told. Then it is about double or triple fare according to the traveller's susceptibility.

They speak about Harbin's wickedness, yet true piety is here for the easy finding. The Russian Easter two Sundays ago furnishes a highlight in this connection. The service is most profound, and for four hours the humble congregation stood before the altar—for there are no seats in the orthodox church. Prayer, communion and more prayer brought to an end forty days of rigorous fasting.

After that the good Russian cut loose and laid himself out to do justice to his viands, for he is one of the noblest of the earth's trenchermen. Their way of eating is marvelous to behold. The zakouska, without which a Russian meal is a mere bite, lasts as long as two normal meals for other peoples, and between bites the Russians, men, women and some children too, gargle their vodka. An average feast can last a couple of hours without anyone letting out a notch in the belt. After the zakouska, containing enough cold foods to feed two ordinary men, comes the soup and the fish and the filet and, at this season the Easter eggs and cakes.

Talking about food and prices brings up the matter of hotel accommodation. There are two good hotels in respect to charging ability. The Moderne is the more adventurous of the two, although the Grand has its points. For a room and

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bath the price is $16 at the Grand and $20 up at the Moderne. Neither should be allowed by international law to charge more than half of the price. The Grand is the railway hotel and ought to know better, while the Moderne lives downtown where all the life is and goes on the principle that if the public will let them get away with it the system must be all right. The Moderne has a hat stand at the front door mainly as a catchpenny, for no other possible excuse can be offered for its existence. It gives no service other than stretching out its hand for the oof. An aged man who might be a retired Russian general, if we didn't know better, allows you to hang up your hat and coat and come back later and find it if you can. Don't try and get away without handing him a dime. Unpleasant! The hat stand privilege is pretty general here, but the extension of the scheme to the C.E.R. office seems like stretching it a bit. I allowed my hat to remain there five minutes and when I came back again with my Russian interpreter he advised me to give the lad twenty cents. I suppose it would have been possible to escape without the donation, but all the other Romans seem to be doing it.

No visit to Harbin is worth while without a call on Victor de Franck, adviser to the South Manchuria Railway. He seems to be an ordinary likeable sort of chap until the question of hunting or of fishing is broached. Immediately a fire lights up in his eyes and he is away. What he doesn't know about trout, speckled and otherwise, partridge, blackcock, (a fine feathered speciman like wild turkey,) gazelle, deer of all kind, elk and other food for rod and gun isn't in the record of Manchuria.

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Tigers are quite often brought down, not far from Harbin, especially in the woods during winter logging, when the lumbermen and professional hunters can trail them over the snow. Bandits make it lively for hunting parties, which adds relish to the life.

I found Harbin, because of the many facets of life, a most absorbing place, and one to which a man could easily devote a couple of intensely busy weeks. Above all were the people hospitable and in this regard the Russian is held to have no peer.

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Chapter VII

RAILWAYS IN MANCHURIA

Railway construction and projection at an astonishing rate is going forward in Manchuria today, constituting a phase of development in China which sets the pace for the rest of the country and furnishes a fitting accompaniment to the immense immigration movement.

Engineers in Manchuria compute that 2,200 miles of line are under construction, actually are surveyed, or are planned by various promoters. Assured of peace, through the special position of Japan towards the Three Eastern Provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilungkiang, Chinese investors are taking the lead in putting their money and their faith into the transportation enterprises of the north, and the total mileage coming under the various heads mentioned is not very far behind the mileage already in operation, which now is 3,200 miles.

Co-operation between the Japanese and Chinese has been a feature of development so far, along the lines of treaty agreement which offered reasonable protection to the South Manchuria railway. In this connection the S.M.R. required only such assistance as is offered to other enterprises embarking upon expensive expenditure anywhere.

Included in the lines projected is the railway from Toanan southeast to Jehol and eventually to Tientsin and Peking. Another is from Anganchi to Blagoveschensk via Mergen where it is met by another line coming up from Harbin through Hailun. In the public eye is the extension of the Fenghai

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railway from Hailung to Kirin and thence northwards to Harbin. Japan is busy on its line connecting Dairen with Antung. The Changchun-Kirin line is being extended to Tunwha, whence it will eventually give Japan an outlet at Rushin on the Japan Sea. One of the regretable features of railway building, however, is the paralleling of the S.M.R. by a line which comes down from Anganchi, through Taonan to the Peking-Mukden railway, and by this channel the Chinese drain business from all that immense territory. This line, however, is in contravention to treaty provision and must tend to provoke an undesirable condition between Japan and China.

An attempt is made herewith to list all of the lines now built, those under construction and others projected. The information is the fruit of consultations with railway authorities, Chinese, Japanese and independent, in Manchuria, within the past two weeks. For convenience the accompanying map has been marked with numbers which will readily enable the reader to refer to each one.

(1) The line of the South Manchuria railway from Dairen and Port Arthur to Changchun, with its spur line to the port of Newchuang. This is part of the line originally built by the Russians and known as the South Manchuria branch of the Chinese Eastern railway. It was taken over by Japan at the termination of the Russo-Japanese war under a 99 year lease, at the end of which time it may be purchased by China. This South Manchuria railway is the backbone of Japanese railway development in the Three Eastern Provinces and serves most of the country by offering a means of carrying pro-

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duce to the great port of Dairen and by providing an avenue for bringing goods into the country at reasonable rates of freight.

When it was proposed to develop this railway Japan appealed to its people for funds after the government itself had taken half the capital stock. The issue was greatly oversubscribed, both as to the original and subsequent stock flotations. Huge sums relaized in revenues by this line are used for the development of South Manchuria, Japanese and Chinese alike sharing in these public benefits, and even after such vast expenditures year after year the line still is able to pay a dividend of 10 per cent and supply ample contingency reserves.

Fifty five percent. of the produce originating on the lines of the Chinese Eastern railway finds its way down the S.M.R. from Changchun to Dairen and Newchuang. The other forty-five percent. flows down the main line of the Chinese Eastern railway to Vladivostock, the Russian Siberian port which is closed to traffic by winter ice.

It would appear at first sight that Vladivostock should get the bulk of this traffic, both incoming and outgoing, because on a mileage basis it is closer to Harbin than are Dairen, Port Arthur or Newchuang. But the grades vastly favor the Dairen route. Three mountain ranges cross the line between Harbin and Valdivostock, necessitating heavier railway operating costs. The fact that Dairen is open the year around is, of course, a very important factor, The natural grades between Harbin and Dairen always will favour the South Manchuria railway, so long as artificial conditions do not interfere.

(2) The Chinese Eastern railway. Russia

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obtained a concession from China for the construction and operation of this line from the Trans-Baikal, or Trans-Siberian railway east of Chita, through the Manchuria provinces of Heilungkiang and Kirin, into Siberia again and so on to the port of Vladivostock. Later permission was obtained by another treaty to construct the branch line or feeder from Harbin south through Fengtien province to Liaotung peninsula to Dairen (Dalny then called) and Port Arthur. While both these lines had immense economic value, primarily they were launched in the interests of Russia's dream of Empire on the Pacific, a situation which caused Japan considerable trepidation, as along these routes Russia could pour troops in any campaign directed against the islands.

Although Japan acquired the control of the line from Changchun to Liaotung peninsula, the line from the Trans-Baikal to Vladivostock remained with Russia until after the revolution of 1917 when it passed into the joint control of China and Russia, or at least that portion of it running through Chinese territory. According to the Mukden agreement Russia and China were equally to be represented on the staff of this railway and net profits were to be placed in the Dalbank, or Russian State bank and equally divided between the two countries. An indication of the immense profits of this line is given in the fact that a few months ago the first division of revenues was 28 million roubles, half of which went to Marshal Chang's administration and the rest to Moscow.

The Peking-Mukden Railway, South Manchuria Railway, Japanese Imperial Railways and Chinese Eastern railway provide links in the famous

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Trans-Siberian railway route from the Orient to Europe through Russia. And it is up these railway lines that the great Manchuria immigration push is now proceeding.

It will be noted that the railway line from Harbin to Changchun also is part of the Chinese Eastern. On this section the C.E.R. charges a discriminatory freight rate to try and force traffic along the main line to Vladivostock instead of to Dairen, but it only partly succeeds in its purpose. For a scheme of this kind works both ways, as the S.M.R. might be forced to place high rates on through traffic goods imported via Dairen and intended for service on the C. E. R. Motor trucks also offer competition. Hence the C. E. R. does not permit itself too much liberty in the levying of rates on the Changchun-Harbin connection.

(3) The Peking-Mukden Railway, owned by the Chinese, runs from Peking, through Tientsin and Tangku, northeast through Shanhaikwan and the port of Chinwangtao to Mukden, terminus. Two branch lines run from the parent stem, one to Yingkow at the mouth of the Liao River and another to the potential port of Hulutao, both in the Gulf of Chihli.

From the South Manchuria railway in 1911 permission was obtained to cross the S.M.R. tracks at Mukden in order to reach the proposed Peking-Mukden railway station at Mukden. For this purpose and this purpose only, was the permission granted. But later the Chinese authorities proceeded to extend the line west and north to Hailung, the railway being known as the Feng-Hai railway, the name coming from the combination of names, Feng-

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tien (Mukden) and Hailung. And since that time the Chinese have hauled their freight across the S.M.R. tracks without obtaining any legal right to do so, and in flagrant disobedience of the fact that the crossing was merely an accommodation created to give the P.M.R. entry into a station within the city of Mukden.

(4) Fenghai railway. This line, as pointed out in No. 3, is completely constructed to Hailung, but construction is now going on from Hailung to Kirin. Despite strained relations between the S.M.R. and Fenghai the Japanese agreed, a few days ago, to carry steel rails over their line from Darien to the delivery point at Mukden. This was in response to the special request of the National City Bank of New York acting for the American steel mills. Japan has never placed any impediments in the way of the Fenghai railway, as the principle is that it is natural feeder for the S.M.R. which should get some of the business drained from this district up to Kirin. There is a through traffic arrangement between the S.M.R. which provides for the carriage of goods over their respective lines and enables the S.M.R. to advertise a service in that direction and to accept freight for it. In the same way the Fenghai railway may co-operate with the S.M.R. and find an outlet through Dairen. But experience so far has been a bitter one for the S.M.R. for in spite of the agreement the Fenghai delivers most of its freight to the Peking-Mukden railway and thus provides a parallel service to the S.M.R. in violation of treaty agreement. The Fenghai came into prominence recently by harboring cars and locomotives which had been hauled down from the Taonan-Anganchi line,

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over the Taonan-Szepinkhai railway to Liaoyuan, thence west to Tungliaochen, south to Changwu and Chenan where connection was made with the P.M.R. This railway stock was security for a loan by the Japanese to the Taonan-Anganchi Line. Until it was restored the S.M.R. refused to carry troops from the Kirin-Changchun line, and denied shunting privileges to the Fenghai railway at Mukden. This so crippled both services that the Chinese restored the rolling stock and now relations are resumed.

This Fenghai-Kirin line eventually will be extended northwards through Shanhotun to Harbin, if the plans of the Chinese promoters fructify, completely paralleling the S.M.R. on the east, in defiance of treaty between Japan and China. The aim of the Chinese is said to be the elimination of the Japanese from the C.E.R. business through Harbin, as they will be able to haul freight direct from Harbin, through Kirin and Hailung to Mukden, across the S.M.R. tracks to the P.M.R. and so on to the port of Hulutao which the Chinese say they intend to develop as a rival to Dairen. The port also will draw traffic down the other parallel line to the west of the S.M.R., which will be explained later.

The port of Hulutao requires about $30,000,000 in development works before it can be a serious competitor, and the likelihood of this forthcoming immediately is remote.

(5) Siakutai-Kirin line. This is complete to Kirin and under construction eastward to Tunwha. There is Japanese capital in this enterprise, as the feeder possibilities of the line are important. The project is to extend the line to Lungchintson. There

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it will link up with the Korean railway system and give Japan a port connection at Rushin or Seishin on the Japan Sea, and a direct entry into Manchuria should the occasion arise. Another proposed extension is north east to Ninguta, close to the Chinese Eastern railway, another important strategic line.

(6) Szepingkai-Taonan railway. Japanese money is invested with Chinese in this line. It is a natural feeder to the S.M.R. But, as will be seen later, it acts as a connection in the parallel line which the Chinese are developing as a competitor to the S.M.R.

(7) Taonan-Anganchi line. Built by Japan as contractor for the Chinese. There is an amount of ¥2,700,000 due to Japan on this account, secured by the rolling stock. A Japanese auditor must countersign all business on this branch until such time as settlement for the property is completed.

It will be seen that these two lines comprise an important tap root to the C.E.R. and as they stand are valuable to the S.M.R. as branches and for that purpose were promoted. But at Laioyuan, on the Taonan-Szepingkai line a spur feeder runs out to Tungliaochen and this is the one that leads to trouble between the S.M.R. and Chinese interests, for:

(8) Tungliaochen-Tahushan line. This completes the connection from Tsitsihar on the C.E.R. to the Peking-Mukden railway. Freight may be hauled from the north, parallel to the S.M.R. and so to the ports of Hulutao or Yingkow. Over this question undoubtedly a great deal of discussion will continue between China and Japan until it is impressed upon China that she cannot violate her

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bond, which is on record to the effect that she will not thus build a competitive line to the S.M.R. during the life of the S.M.R. agreement. The port of Hututao already has been mentioned, but Yingkow, on the opposite side of the river to Newchuang at the mouth of the river Liao is another important outlet. Unfortunately for its proponents, as in the case of Newchuang, it is useless in the winter time, for heavy ice forms in the shallows which cannot be broken until Spring.

(9) Harbin-Hailun line. Built as far as Suihua with Chinese capital. Extention proposed to Mergen where it will connect with a proposed line from Tsitsihar through Mergen to Blagoveschensk.

(10) Chinchou-Antung line. Japanese railway to connect the S.M.R. near Dairen with the port of Antung near the mouth of the Yalu river. It already is constructed as far as Chengtzutuan and when finished will serve the whole south east coast of Liaotung peninsula, besides giving a direct connection with the Korean railway leading to Seoul and southwards.

(11) Chingchow-Pehpio railway. Branch line for the P.M.R. Extension to Jehol is planned, but is not to be constructed in the immediate future.

(12) Taonan-Kailu-Jehol railway. By agreement with Japan China promises to build this line with Japanese money, but has made no move to do so. The agreement was turned over by Japan to the consortium. The intention is to carry the extension from Jehol south to Tientsin and Peking, opening up important new territory.

(13) Changchun-Fuyu-Taonan line, proposed. In the Nishihara loan agreement, by which China

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received 22,000,000 yen from Japan as advances for railway construction, this line was to be built and would act as an S.M.R. feeder. But China has made no move to undertake construction. The 22,000,000 also covered the construction of the Fenghai line which China later built without Japanese capital, claiming it as her own right and declaring that Peking government had no control over a local question of this kind.

As a matter of fact Chinese now are considering an independent construction from Changchun to Fuyu and then running north east to Harbin.

(14) Korean railways. Although not in Manchuria they form dominating factors in the lines to the north. One runs north to Mukden and the other follows the Korean coast on the Japan Sea as far north as Shojo. There is a twenty mile gap in the line, now traversed by motor cars, which will be closed this year. A spur line is surveyed and will soon be started from Shojo along the south bank of the Kiang river and down to the port of Rushin, and as mentioned before, give Japan a connection with the extended line from Kirin. The strategic importance of this link will at once be apparent. In this region, also, a narrow gauge railway runs west from Tifang, for about fifty miles.

(15) Fushun-Linkiang line, projected. This is a Chinese plan which has not advanced very far yet. The idea is to send another line south west along the Yalu irver to Antung, but the frieght-carriage benefits of this railway are extremely doubtful owing to the water transportation. Another proposed off-shoot is from Linkiang to Kaulung.

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